

His Last Guardmount

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In the fog of time, he now
struggle to clear his aging mind.
Memories that flicker and fade
of by gone days, images, faces,
name of jungle places, that have
become scattered by the winds
of time, and seems to no longer
matter or even rhyme.

As his aging memory fades,
yesterday is long gone and tomorrow
quickly becomes yesterday's skeleton;
he realize that each new day is a
gift from God.

He's nearing his eighties and the wars
he fought and the faces of the young
men he once knew are fading into the
abyss of obscurity.

But, he still looks at the discolored
pictures, through the tears of his aging
eyes as he shows his great grandson
and says; "Son, that me...that me,
back in Korea and Vietnam...you see!"

Few remember and fewer yet care
about wars long past, but he still
post Old Glory outside of his home
every morning as his first daily task.

He still stands for the playing of
the National Anthem and proudly
salutes the passing of the Red, White
and Blue.

He is still a soldier and will always be
until the day he stands that last guard out
and taps is played in his honor, well
deserved and long overdue.